MEMENTO

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Class of '90—Senior Year

PHOTO. H. P. BAILY

LICHTDRUCKKUNST, WIEN

Haverford

A Memento

A Memento

OF THE

Class of Ninety

OF

Haverford College

FATUM CONJECIT, AMOR CONJUNGIT

EDITED BY

HENRY P. BAILY

JONATHAN M. STEERE THOMAS S. KIRKBRIDE

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

1890

TIMES PRINTING HOUSE
725 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA

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INTRODUCTION

We take pleasure in giving to those who care to read a few of the characteristics of our beloved Class.

Many of the jokes herein written will probably be understood only by those intimately connected with '90. It is hardly to be termed a Class-Book, for we have not followed closely our movements through the four years, but have only brought out such points as will recall pleasant recollections, such as the jolly evenings spent together, our jokes with one another, and the quiet (?) recitations, our enthusiasm in all Class and College interests and the exercises of Class Day.

We sincerely trust Haverford will remember us as kindly as we do her in the years spent under her cherishing care. Let this serve as a memento of those happy days.

THE CLASS OF NINETY.

Class Song

(TUNE, AMERICA.)

By CHARLES T. COTTRELL.

BELOVED Haverford!
What joy thou didst afford,
Through all the past;
We loved thee at first sight,
We love thee more to-night,
Thy star still shines as bright,
Thy ties bind fast.

We've lived four years a life
Of love, unmixed with strife,
Whate'er befell;
And as we all depart
Sad grows each classmate's heart,
Sad tear-drops softly start;
Friends all—farewell!

List of Class Members

BACHELOR OF ARTS

Edward Mott Angell
James Stuart Auchincloss
William Grattan Audenried, Jr.
Henry Ryan Bringhurst, Jr.
Charles Thurston Cottrell
Guy Hulett Davies
Robert Eastburn Fox
Henry Lee Gilbert
William Grant Jenkins
Thomas Story Kirkbride
Jonathan Mowry Steere

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

Thomas Amory Coffin
Percy Smedley Darlington
William Moore Guilford, Jr.
John Noble Guss
Edwin James Haley
Dilworth Potts Hibberd
Robert Richardson Tatnall
Alfred Collins Tevis

BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING

John F. Taylor Lewis
Edward Rhoads Longstreth
William Percy Simpson
Ernest Foster Walton

SPECIAL STUDENT

Henry Paul Baily

Quondam Members

George Thomas Butler

Angel Roderiguez Cabo

Henry Norman Conard

Joseph N. DuBarry, Jr.

William Levis Hipple

Thomas Story Janney

Lewis Jones, Jr.

James George Shaw, Jr.

William Alfred Stotesberry

Harvey Thomas Uhler

John Reed Valentine

Constitution

of the

Permanent Organization of the Class of '90

adopted

June 21, 1890

PRESIDENT, H. P. BAILY VICE-PRESIDENT, W. P. SIMPSON

SECRETARY AND TREASURER, T. S. KIRKBRIDE

ART. I. The officers of the permanent organization shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, all of whom shall hold office for three years.

ART. II. The duties of the President shall be to call all meetings and preside at them. The duties of the Vice-President shall be to perform the offices of the President in his absence.

ART. III. The duties of the Secretary and Treasurer shall be to keep the post-office address of all members of the Class, to take charge of all moneys and other property belonging to the Class, to notify members of all meetings and send them any other important information.

ART. IV. Meetings shall be held annually for the next three years, after which time they shall be held every third year. Such meetings shall be held during the last week of the college year, the day being left to the discretion of the President.

ART. V. A quorum at any meeting shall consist of those present, if the required notice shall have been given to the members by the Secretary.

ART. VI. In all voting written proxies shall be accepted. The officers shall constitute a committee to provide a banquet at each meeting.

ART. VII. Amendments may be made to this Constitution at any meeting by a two-thirds vote of those present.

Program of Class Exercises

JUNIOR ORATIONS

APRIL 11, 1889

The Electoral College, ... *H. R. Bringhurst, Jr.*
Faith Healing, ... *T. S. Kirkbride*
Modern Criticism, ... *E. M. Angell*
Burma, ... *J. S. Auchincloss*
The Painter, ... *H. L. Gilbert*
Letters and a Social Reform, ... *J. M. Steere*

CLASS-DAY EXERCISES

JUNE 21, 1890

President's Address, ... *H. L. Gilbert*
Class History, ... *E. M. Angell*
Class Poem, ... *H. L. Gilbert*
Class Prophecy, ... *H. R. Bringhurst, Jr.*
Presentations, ... *W. G. Audenried, Jr.*
Presentation of the Class Spoon, ... *J. F. T. Lewis*

COMMENCEMENT ORATIONS

JUNE 24, 1890

The Wages of Art, ... *E. M. Angell*
Railroads as a Factor in Western Development, . *J. F. T. Lewis*
The Friars and the Towns, ... *T. S. Kirkbride*
Culture and Socialism, ... *H. L. Gilbert*

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS

John B. Garrett

Class Teams

CRICKET

FRESHMAN YEAR

H. P. Baily, (*Capt.*),
G. T. Butler,
H. N. Conard,
P. S. Darlington,
J. N. Du Barry, Jr.
R. E. Fox,
E. J. Haley,
W. P. Simpson,
H. T. Uhler,
J. R. Valentine,
E. F. Walton.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

J. S. Auchincloss,
W. G. Audenried, Jr.,
H. P. Baily, (*Capt.*),
H. R. Bringhurst, Jr.,
G. T. Butler,
P. S. Darlington,
G. H. Davies,
J. N. Guss,
E. J. Haley,
D. P. Hibberd,
T. S. Janney.

JUNIOR YEAR

J. S. Auchincloss,
W. G. Audenried, Jr.
H. P. Baily, (*Capt.*),
H. R. Bringhurst Jr.,
G. T. Butler,
P. S. Darlington,
J. N. Guss,
E. J. Haley,
D. P. Hibberd,
T. S. Janney,
T. S. Kirkbride.

SENIOR YEAR

J. S. Auchincloss,
W. G. Audenried, Jr.,
H. P. Baily, (*Capt.*),
H. R. Bringhurst, Jr.,
T. A. Coffin,
C. T. Cottrell,
P. S. Darlington,
J. N. Guss,
E. J. Haley,
D. P. Hibberd,
T. S. Kirkbride.

Class Games and Scores

CRICKET

FRESHMAN YEAR.

'90 *vs.* '89. '90 won by default.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

'90 *vs.* '88. '90—1st inning, 25 runs ; 2d inning, 29 runs. (3 wickets).
'88—1st inning, 21 runs,
'90 won by 4 runs.

'90 *vs.* '91. '90—65 runs.
'91—9 runs.
'90 won by 59 runs.

'90 *vs.* '89. '90—76 runs.
'89—86 runs.
'89 won by 10 runs.

JUNIOR YEAR

'90 *vs.* '91. '90—did not bat.
'91—65 runs, (8 wickets).
game unfinished.

SENIOR YEAR.

'90 *vs.* '91. '90—171 runs,(6 wickets).
'91—44 runs.
90 won by 127 runs and 4 wickets.

'90 *vs.* '92. '90—31 runs.
'92—54 runs, (3 wickets).
'92 won by 23 runs and 7 wickets.

'90 *vs.* '93. '90—63 runs, (5 wickets).
'93—54 runs.
'90 won by 9 runs and 3 wickets.

Class Teams

FOOT-BALL

FRESHMAN YEAR

E. M. Angell,
H. P. Baily,
G. T. Butler,
H. N. Conard,
P. S. Darlington,
J. N. Du Barry, Jr.
E. J. Haley,
W. L. Hipple, (*Capt.*),
T. S. Janney,
J. R. Valentine,

E. F. Walton.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

E. M. Angell, (*Capt.*),
J. S. Auchincloss,
H. P. Baily,
G. T. Butler,
P. S. Darlington,
G. H. Davies,
E. J. Haley,
T. S. Janney,
J. F. T. Lewis,
E. R. Longstreth,

E. F. Walton.

JUNIOR YEAR

E. M. Angell,
J. S. Auchincloss,
H. P. Baily, (*Capt.*),
G. T. Butler,
P. S. Darlington,
G. H. Davies,
E. J. Haley,
D. P. Hibberd,
T. S Janney,
J. F. T. Lewis,

E. R. Longstreth

SENIOR YEAR

E. M. Angell,
J. S Auchincloss,
W. G. Audenried, Jr.,
H. P. Baily, (*Capt.*),
T. A. Coffin,
P. S. Darlington,
G. H. Davies,
E. J. Haley,
D. P. Hibberd,
J. F. T. Lewis,

E. R. Longstreth.

Class Games and Scores

FOOT-BALL

FRESHMAN YEAR

'90 *vs.* '88	0–20
'90 *vs.* '89	0–28
'90 *vs.* Germantown Academy	4– 0

SOPHOMORE YEAR

'90 *vs.* '88	5–22
'90 *vs.* '89	5–12
'90 *vs.* '91	40– 0
'90 *vs.* '90 Swarthmore	16–18

JUNIOR YEAR

'90 *vs.* '89	4– 6
'90 *vs.* '91	25– 0
'90 *vs.* '92	34– 6
'90 (2d XI) *vs.* '89 (2d XI)	18– 0

SENIOR YEAR

'90 *vs.* '92	20– 0
'90 *vs.* '93	16– 4

Class Teams

BASE-BALL

FRESHMAN YEAR

H. P. Baily, *s. s.*
G. T. Butler, *1b.*
H. N. Conard, (*Capt.*) *p.*
P. S. Darlington, *l. f.*
G. H. Davies, *c.*
J. N. Guss, *2b.*
E. J. Haley, *3b.*
T. S Janney, *r. f.*
H. T. Uhler, *c. f.*

SOPHOMORE YEAR

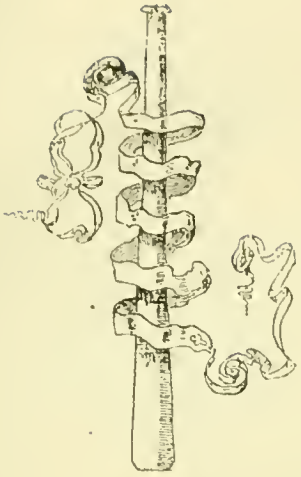
H. P. Baily, *c. f.*
H. R. Bringhurst, Jr., *s. s.*
G. T. Butler, *1b.*
P. S. Darlington, *c.*
G H. Davies, *3b.*
J. N. Guss, *2b.*
E. J. Haley, (*Capt.*) *p.*
T. S. Janney, *r. f.*
J. M. Steere, *l. f.*

JUNIOR YEAR

H. P. Baily, *l. f.*
H. R. Bringhurst, Jr , *2b.*
G. T. Butler *3b.*
P. S. Darlington, (*Capt*) *s. s.*
J. N. Guss, *1b.*
E. J. Haley, *p.*
D. P. Hibberd, *c.*
T. S. Janney, *r. f.*
J. M. Steere, *c. f.*

SENIOR YEAR

H. P. Baily, *3b.*
H. R. Bringhurst, Jr., *2b.*
C. T. Cottrell, *r. f.*
P. S. Darlington, *s. s.*
J. N. Guss, *1b.*
E. J. Haley, *p.*
D. P. Hibberd *c.*
W. G. Jenkins, (*Capt.*) *l. f.*
J. M. Steere, *c. f.*



Class Games and Scores

BASE-BALL

FRESHMAN YEAR

'90 *vs.* '89	8– 3	(4 innings)
'90 *vs.* '89	4–17	
'90 *vs.* '88	11– 5	

SOPHOMORE YEAR

'90 *vs.* '91	14– 1
'90 *vs.* '91	17– 9
'90 *vs.* '89	8–26
'90 *vs.* '89	3–11
'90 *vs.* '90 U. of P.	24–10
'90 *vs.* "Undines"	16–12

JUNIOR YEAR

'90 *vs.* '89	10– 9
'90 *vs.* '89	7– 6
'90 *vs.* '92	28– 7
'90 *vs.* '90 U. of P.	8– 7

SENIOR YEAR

'90 *vs.* '93	16–16
'90 *vs.* '93	14– 5
'90 *vs.* '92	'92 forfeited

TENNIS

Through the kindness of Mrs. William Simpson, Jr., a tennis racquet was presented each year to the champion player of the class. Each succeeding year the previous winners were excluded from the contest, and in our senior year the four winners played for a silver trophy.

The preliminary rounds were played at the College, and the finals decided on Mrs. Simpson's lawn.

It came to be proverbial that the unity of '90 was one of its marked characteristics. It also became proverbial that this unity was due in a large degree to these annual tournaments, and the reception given the class on these occasions by Mrs. Simpson.

BULL

Class Tennis Tournaments

FRESHMAN YEAR

In the finals

Baily won from Butler

5–6 6–3 6–0

SOPHOMORE YEAR

Bringhurst won from Haley

6–2 6–0

JUNIOR YEAR

Steere won from Cottrell

7–5 11–9

SENIOR YEAR

Cottrell won from Darlington

6–4 6–0

FINALS FOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Baily won from Cottrell

6–3 6–2

Bringhurst won from Steere

5–7 6–0 6–3

Bringhurst won from Baily

6–3 6–3

BUTTS STUMPY

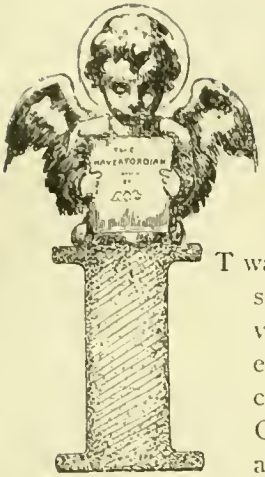
Cane Rushes

'90 *vs.* '89	Won by '89
'90 *vs.* '91	Won by '90

The Haverfordian Staff
1889-90

PHOTO. H. P. BAILY

F. GUTEKUNST PRINT



Class History

By EDWARD MOTT ANGELL

T was about the middle of September, '86, that most of those youths who have since gloried in the appellation of "'90 men" were born again in a very vivid sense of the term. Haverford was new to us, we were strangers to each other. A conglomerate mass we formed, and great was the babel and confusion of tongues until we became used to each others' dialects. West Chester, since dubbed the "Athens of America," was represented by a large and peculiar delegation; Philadelphia sent a number of good Quakers; New York City provided one specimen, and a fine one he has proved to be; New York was chiefly known to most of us for the corruption of its vast population, and let it suffice to say that Walton has sustained throughout his course the reputation of his native city. Towanda loomed up beauteously with "Lieutenant-Governor Davies' son." New Castle, Delaware, hitherto chiefly famous as the home of the whipping post, soon became distinguished as the residence of Brutus Shaw, the laziest white man in that vast city. But it would take volumes to dwell on all —on Lebanon, or "Glen Fall," or Bryn Mawr, and express the gratitude we feel to them for the specimens contributed to make the complete collection.

The collection, however, was made, and a live and interesting one it soon proved itself to be. Here, by way of parenthesis, it may be remarked that none of that Freshman class at Haverford in the fall of '86 experienced any of the qualms of homesickness; they never, in the solitude of their own rooms gazed for hours on the pictures of mother or sister or—Maude; they never longed to give up all dreams of honors to be won in college and glorious times to follow in the last years of their course, all for one glimpse of home, all to feel again the surroundings of family life. These various sensations, which other Freshmen invariably undergo, '90, strange to say, never experienced.

We had been together about two or three days when we realized the necessity of forming a permanent organization. Accordingly, our first class-meeting was held, and, after due deliberation, Guss was elected President, whether out of respect for his tight black trousers, or on account of his royal Noble name, or on account of his smile so winning to brakemen, street car conductors

and park guards, or, what is perhaps more probable, on account of a combination of these causes, has not as yet been fully determined. Baily was made Secretary, doubtless because we thought if he could write minutes as fluently as he could talk, only more intelligibly and with less noise, he was sure to be the right man in the right place. To some extent, Harry carried out our expectations. His minutes were certainly unique. He adopted phonetic spelling, the German order in arranging clauses, and a cross between stenography and the Spencerian system in his style of writing. Imagine, if you can, the result of the combination.

One day, immediately before lunch, about one week after the opening of college, we treated the Sophomores, the late lamented '89, to a little surprise. They had been remarkably quiet since our first arrival, and consequently were taken quite aback on the day in question. On filing out of class they found '90 on the campus in front of Barclay Hall, in holiday attire, surrounding a large hickory cane. The battle waged long and fiercely, the Sophs outnumbering us by several men. Davies and Darlington greatly distinguished themselves, though it was reported that their subsequent exhaustion and general broken-up feeling did not owe its origin solely to the exertion of the rush. When time was finally called each class was found to have seven men on the cane, but the referee decided in favor of '89, evidently because it was not considered feasible to award a rush to so vigorous and aggressive Freshmen as '90 had proved to be.

Following hard upon this excitement occurred the arrival of Coffin in our midst. He had been compelled to enter a trifle late owing to a slight indisposition occasioned by a simultaneous attack of asthma, hay fever, granulated eyelids and shortness of breath. Amory began immediately to pose as an authority on all branches of athletic sports, and from that time no one has ventured to disregard his advice on such matters. He was, so he announced to several of us on the occasion of our call the evening of his arrival, "exactly the right build for a foot-ball half-back"; he was a base-ball pitcher, had all the curves, including the zigzag, under perfect control. Indeed, so perfect was the control, as we afterward discovered, that they never could exist outside the machinations of his own brain, although he labored many weary hours under the blazing sun to prove the contrary.

Foot-ball soon began to claim our attention and much available material was developed. Hipple especially played a great game—when he was well enough. Mike became a substitute on the college team, and Pud Darlington suddenly developed into a phenomenal half-back, spraining his ankle in the process. Also, at this time, came the greatest sorrow of Pop Davies' college career. He was released—deliberately chucked—from the class team, doubtless through the utter incompetency and rank favoritism of the Ground Committee. That he was justified in

feeling broken-hearted over this injustice has been evidenced by his distinguished services during the past two years on the college eleven.

Time flew rapidly, and soon, in the early part of winter, came our second notable clash with the Sophomores. It was the annual snow fight, at the old wooden bridge, on the way from meeting. The real work of the conflict was instituted by Pop, who began rolling Patriarch Stevens in a huge drift. From that time there was no cessation till all sank down from exhaustion. It is safe to say that that was the most thorough cold bath ever experienced by at least a large proportion of that eccentric body of men comprising the then Sophomore class.

Our most fruitful source of enjoyment during the long winter months which followed was the never-to-be-forgotten singing class, organized by Stumpy Baily, with Skinny Guilford as chief assistant. Harry thought he was a born musician, as well as wit, and it was a source of extreme annoyance and embarrassment to him that the class of which he was so conspicuous a member should be possessed of so little musical talent. To remedy this defect of nature was for a time his sole ambition, but he was soon disheartened. Mike would insist upon singing "just two notes too high" whenever "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" was undertaken, and when the "Song of the Sheep" was started, Davies would become so disorderly that leader Baily would be obliged to administer some such gentle and touching rebuke as: "By ——, Davies, won't you leave the room a little while? perhaps then we can get some practice." But Pop *wouldn't* leave, and Mike *couldn't* get the key, so in face of these and like discouragements, Stumpy was obliged to give up his teaching and admit the melancholy fact that his was not a musical class.

It was during this memorable winter that Shorty Butler first learned to smoke and be "real tough," that Janney, surnamed The Silent, made his advent among us, and that Hipple and Stotesbury took their departure—which latter was a great loss to certain sporting interests.

In the Spring base-ball and cricket claimed the attention of the athletes. We were looked upon as sure winners of the base-ball championship, having a startling array of star players. There was Guss, the ex-Brandywine professional; Butler, the first baseman of the West Chester Kids; Conard, the supposed phenomenal pitcher; Haley, who was also supposed to be able to catch, and Darlington, who had, with lightning rapidity, become a brilliant out-fielder. With these luminous lights, and others of less magnitude to fill the remaining places, we crossed bats with '89 one windy afternoon in March, which game was the opening of the season. '90 played with confidence and skill, while Banes, the Sophomore captain, imprecated the rankness of his team. At the end of the fourth inning the score was in our favor in the proportion of about three to one. But then a most unforeseen accident occurred. Jupiter had evidently been bribed or bulldozed, for he suddenly sent a heavy snow-storm, which cast a mantle over the diamond

before another inning could be played, and the game won. It was two weeks before the issue could be tried again. In the meantime '89, badly frightened, grasped every opportunity for practice, and '90, full of confidence to overflowing, hardly touched a ball. The legitimate result followed. At the next game Conard received poor support, was knocked out of the box and at the same time we were knocked out of an expected victory. In cricket we gave strong support to the first eleven, Baily bowling in fine form and winning the sobriquet of "the little demon."

In June, the last month in which we were to be Freshmen, was inaugurated what has proved to be one of the most pleasing events in each of our four years' history. Mrs. Simpson, who has given many kind evidences of the deep interest she has felt in our welfare, announced that she wished each year to present a prize tennis racquet to the champion player of the class, the finals to be annually played at her residence at Overbrook. One afternoon a large coach-and-four took us all to the Simpson mansion to see the conclusion of the whole matter between Baily and Butler, the final contestants. Baily was winner, taking two sets out of three, though George still avers that if he had not consented to a brief intermission, which allowed his opponent to refresh himself by talking to some fair young maids and drinking soothing beverages, the result of the contest might have been different. The banquet which followed, our first class-supper, was of the character which makes words flee on the wings of the wind and only leaves longing thoughts.

We nearly all successfully passed our June examinations and all that was then needed to make us full-fledged Sophomores was to receive the spoon. This was presented on an occasion which '89 chose to call their Class Day, but why a few prosy orations and a Latin Salutatory, given at the end of their Sophomore year, should have been called Class Day, has not yet been made quite clear. That, however, is unimportant. The spoon was presented and received, and '90, feeling the weight of added dignity, separated for the summer vacation.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

Sophomore Year opened with a number of transformations in the personnel of the class. Conard, and Uhler the comedian, were missed from their accustomed haunts, but there were many to take their places. Two wild New Englanders there were, hailing from Providence School, a bird of different feathers from "down home," and a member of the nobility of Philadelphia, in the person of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, more familiarly known as "Humph, the Dreamer; or, the Ladies' Man from the Jersey Sands." There was the philosophic, fluent Hibberd, from the Malvern Hills; Audenried came from Chestnut Hill and brought his books on

parliamentary law and proceedings with him, carefully packed in a separate trunk. If every individual official act performed by this class since has not been in strict accord with precedent and parliamentary law, it has not been Billy Bowlegs' fault. Longstreth was also present—incomprehensible, indescribable, innocent, blundering, beardless Dad—from the regions of West Philadelphia. Max O'Rell has said recently that there is no typical American man, but that there is a typical American woman. He might further have added, had he known Dad at the beginning of that year, that there was a typical American Freshman in a Sophomore class. Dad had been around about one day when two or three of us, happening in the gymnasium, found him there hard at work. He immediately began to expand on the intricacies of Indian-club swinging, giving practical illustrations. All feigned extreme ignorance, and Dad began to teach. After half an hour of reckless perspiring Daddy discovered that each of his would-be pupils could manipulate the clubs a myriad per cent. more skillfully than himself. He then wished to wrestle, but after he had been stretched in a supine position with considerable force about half a dozen times, he came to the conclusion that there were possibly one or two things, at least, in which he did not possess a monopoly of knowledge and skill.

We were naturally concerned at this time to find out what kind of a Freshman Class we were to have to assist us in making things interesting. When we did learn the composing elements of '91, our sensation was much like that of a trained gladiator who suddenly discovers his opponent to be merely a young lad, and so resolves, instead of contending with and destroying him, to take the child under his protection, and, if possible, impart to him some much-needed vigor and strength. In consequence of this humane determination, there was no cane rush between the entire classes, which would have been conspicuously uneven, but instead a more or less friendly contest over the cane between seven chosen men from each class, which of course, '90 won.

When the foot-ball season was over we settled down to hard work, many taking an active interest in the literary societies, and others devoting themselves to society of a different nature. Shorty Butler's six feet three inches of humanity, Virginia Tom's down-South accent, and Walton's fairy stories became especially popular with the fair sex.

At this time the problem as to whether it was feasible for Haverford to attempt the construction of a running track began to agitate our college world. For some months the track had been advocated in the columns of *The Haverfordian*, and considerable private discussion had been devoted to the subject. The first official action was taken at a college meeting early in the winter, a committee of one from each class being appointed to act with the President in pushing the matter to completion. A most active interest in the success of the track was

immediately developed in '90, and to give honor to whom honor is due, this feeling was largely owing to the energetic efforts of Walton, who had been appointed the member of the committee from our class. Furthermore, Walton immediately became the life of the general committee, and was continually spurring it on to increased exertion, in which he was well seconded by the sentiment of the entire class. Within two weeks we had subscribed over three hundred dollars among ourselves, and by outside solicitation had soon procured about five hundred more. In the spring '90 gave a Benefit in the Ardmore Masonic Temple, at which two hundred dollars were raised, the success of that affair being largely due to the efforts of Stumpy Baily, — and his brothers. To state the whole truth, in a word, the success of the track, which was completed during the following summer, was practically all '90's fault, for she supplied all the energy, most of the brains and a heavy proportion of the funds. In recognition of these facts, universally conceded, the honor of naming the track and field was unanimously tendered our class.

In February we held our Class Supper, in Philadelphia, at the Colonnade. All grasped the rare opportunity for sitting around a wholesome table, and the flow of wit and Champ—inaris—was profuse. A number of toasts were eloquently responded to, Gilbert's on "Professorial Idiosyncracies," delivered between intervening cigarette puffs, being specially amusing: which effect was not altogether due to the innocent first-time way in which Gilly digested the curling smoke.

In the finals of the June Tennis Tournament, Bringhurst easily carried off the honors by defeating Haley, who was heavily handicapped by his surplus avoirdupois. Several of the fellows distinguished themselves in cricket, and the college base-ball team was largely dependent upon '90 for material. Little Johnny Lewis and Tiddy Hibberd continued to flunk in nearly every recitation and examination. It was a great wonder to many of us that they were not dropped long before the end of the year. But they, like the rest, survived bravely the ordeal of what had been a year's hard work, liberally interspersed with enjoyable recreative doings, such as only '90 could invent. A large proportion of the class remained during Commencement week to present the spoon to '91 and to witness the departure of '88—that model class which did so much for Haverford, individually and collectively, while under her fostering care.

JUNIOR YEAR.

We returned to college in the fall of '88, feeling the responsibility of our position as revered, respected Juniors. This weight of dignity was borne with as much soberness as '90 was capable of mustering, which at no time, fortunately or unfortunately, as you please, has been

excessive. Yet, we undoubtedly realized more than ever that we were at Haverford primarily for mental improvement, and many were the good resolutions made. Pop determined to go into the literary societies—that is, as soon as the foot-ball season should be over. Tatnall was not to swear or loaf any more, but attend strictly to electricity. Reddy Lewis was going to shake at least one-half dozen of his suburban flames, and see if thereby he could not get somewhere near the head of the class.

The first few weeks were devoted to training, preparatory to opening formally the new Running Track. The Field Day was a flattering success, both from a financial and social, as well as athletic point of view. Tommy Thompson won quite a number of events, the remainder being captured by '90.

The foot-ball season which followed was characterized by many well-played games, both in the college and class matches. We played the most exciting class game with '89 ever witnessed on the Haverford grounds, and lost it at the last moment through a missed goal, the score being six to four. It was no small satisfaction, however, to have it universally recognized, even by the opposing players, that our work throughout the entire game was far superior. Twice we came within a few feet of scoring, while '89's one touch-down was made accidentally in the beginning of the game—at no other time could they force the ball into our territory. We left the field feeling rather sore over our defeat, due to "hard luck," pure and simple, but resolved to get satisfaction in the spring base-ball series. And we were not disappointed. The satisfaction was as complete as heart could desire. We won neatly both the games between the two classes, thereby wresting from '89 the championship. A procession through Ardmore to Wynnewood with drums and bugles fittingly celebrated the downfall of the white elephant.

Previous to this latter event, however, during the winter, much of fascinating interest to us had transpired. Audenried, who had been abroad during the previous summer, began to grow bold and pose as an authority on the mysteries of gay life in Paris, as well as on the complications of parliamentary law. In fact, there was for a time strong grounds for the suspicion that Paris—or some part of it, had replaced "Roberts' Rules of Order," and "Cushing's Manual" in our Billy's affections. But his wildest tales were soon surpassed by Walton's. Since about the beginning of Sophomore year Ernest had been considered quite a phenomenon in one regard, namely, that of all the lucky fellows on the face of the earth he was the luckiest. His marvelous tales of pressing invitations from Jay Gould or Henry Villard for all-summer yachting trips to Alaska, his accounts of refusals of ten-thousand-dollar positions for a summer's work as electric light superintendent, and, on a smaller scale, his soul-stirring dinners at the Union League, his platonic friendship with Mary De Nevarro (*née* Anderson)—all these and many more we

listened to with great avidity, hydra-headed envy often rising in our breasts that such fortune should fall to one single individual. But about this time, along in the middle of Junior year, we tumbled, so to speak, on one occasion when Ernest was particularly vivid in his description. Alas! who would have suspected that smooth-faced, innocent-looking Quaker lad of such mendacity? What wonder that behind such a mask this second Baron Munchausen so long concealed his identity? But in honor of our discovery, which we considered a great addition to practical philology, or, at least, to general knowledge, we christened the gentleman in question "George Washington," and presented him with a hatchet to carry as a constant warning.

During this winter, as throughout the two previous ones, we were entertained many otherwise dull evenings by Guilford, the sweet singer, the guitar player from the distant vale of Lebanon, who discoursed at our will his siren-like tones.

In the spring we again caused '89 much chagrin by carrying off the Alumni Prize for oratory, and one honorable mention. This was especially distasteful to the class above us, as the year before '88 had swept everything by storm, so that at no time, either as Juniors or Seniors, were '89 within a long distance of the coveted trophy.

Just at the end of this year Haverford cricket, and especially the class of '90, received a pleasing distinction in the invitation extended to Baily to go abroad during the summer on the International Cricket Team. Needless to say, he went, and our own Stumpy returned in the fall with the best bowling average of any man on the eleven, and consequently the George W. Childs' Prize Cup was in his possession—all of which gave hardly less satisfaction to the members of his class than to himself.

Before we separated this year a great surprise was imparted to us—Jim Shaw had bucked in an examination! Whether it was disappointment over that unparalleled circumstance which caused Brutus not to return is not definitely known, but certain it is that we entered upon our Senior year without him.

SENIOR YEAR.

On reassembling for our final year still other changes were impressed unpleasantly upon us. Shorty Butler had gone to Colorado for his health, and Symington Janney had accepted a position as beak tweaker in Baltimore. In their places we had Jenkins from Ohio, soon known as Camel, from the name of an obscure religious sect to which he professed to belong.

The records of our Senior Year shall be brief, "Aye, my lord, brief as woman's love." So ineradicably are the principal events, and there have been many principal ones, fixed in each

of our minds, and also, though less firmly, it maybe in some of yours, that an extended retrospect is far from necessary.

We entered upon the management of student affairs with great naturalness, having had no little practice in this business the year before. Were it to be stated that these affairs have been conducted more satisfactorily than during any other year we have been in college, it would be but repeating what is universally recognized to be as true as an axiom. However, to this statement, perhaps one exception should be made. There is a certain individual and, alas, in this class, who cannot think that the College Ground Committees have been impartial in their selection of teams. Hibberd still believes it was rank favoritism or utter incompetency in judgment which prevented him from being on the foot-ball team last fall, on the base-ball team early this spring, and which even up to this present hour is keeping him off the second cricket eleven. It is probable, however, and, indeed, is expected, that inasmuch as Tiddy will be in college next year in the dignified capacity of graduate student, he will be made an honorary member of all Ground Committees, which, if it had been done this year, would have saved the youth in question much mental anxiety.

To speak a word in regard to athletics: we opened the year in this line by winning the foot-ball championship, in doing which we had practically no opposition. Though both '92 and '93 struggled manfully, the rushes of our veterans were quite irresistible,—therein lies their tale of woe.

The winter pressed hard upon us, and what a winter it was—for study; though this of course does not include Audenried, Kirkbride, Walton and others that might be mentioned, whose social duties, or, at least, social and otherwise, called them constantly to Philadelphia; nor Cotty, whom similar duties summoned to Ardmore; nor Bringhurst, who devoted all his spare moments to the cultivation of the actions and habits of that rare African bird, the ostrich; but with these and some twenty other exceptions, we studied. In this connection and about this time there was developed in the class a strange phenomenon. It was that of a person who studied and was ashamed of the fact. Haley would always aver that he had not looked in his text-book, that he never did a particle of hustling before exams., while every one well knew that he was one of the hardest grubbers in '90's ranks. But there was no necessity for Pud to attempt to conceal the fact of his studying in order to convince us of his brilliancy,—we had all been convinced of that ever since beginning to read the Haverford notes, which he wrote for the Sunday *Press*.

During practically the whole of this, our Senior year, '90 has enjoyed a luxury hitherto unheard of in the history of Haverford. Two private, commodious, and sumptuously-furnished smoking-parlors, were opened to us; one on the first floor and one on the second. In one of

these nearly every evening, immediately after dinner, a large proportion of the class would assemble; there many an hour passed rapidly while the smoke went curling up the fireplace and we engaged in animated argument, in spinning fables or in pleasant bantering,—hours of congenial association which will be remembered with tenderest thoughts when Senior text-books are gray with the accumulated dust of years.

The last few months have been made memorable by our many class banquets, all rich with feasting and good humor, from elaborate suppers at Fox's and Simpson's and a perfect lawn-party at Auchincloss', down to less pretentious affairs in the individual rooms of the fellows. In connection with one of these latter, Cottrell has written a very ingenious poem, but that was only one of many composed by the same author this spring; for Cholly has lately developed into an accomplished versifier. For a long time we were unable to explain this sudden outburst of the poetic genius, but after diligently poring over the history of English poetry, it was finally observed that in the case of many young authors the budding of the poetic taste and imagination was simultaneous with the budding of young love. Here, at last, was the explanation of Cotty's mushroom-like growth in poesy.

Incidentally this spring we again won the base-ball championship, though such matters were far from taking much of our thought, so absorbed have we been in preparing for "the deep —— nation of our taking off," the next to the final event in which process you are witnessing this evening. All final examinations being over, for the past week we have had nothing to do but look to our own amusement and pleasure. The Quakers of the class have defeated the Presbyterians and the "Lost" in a base-ball game. The result was predestined; the Quakers were elected to win. Small groups of three or four have said long and sorrowful farewells to Philadelphia. A final tennis tournament has been held at Simpson's between the winners of the four years, Steere having been victor in the Junior contest, and Cottrell in the Senior. The grand final honors were captured by Bringhurst, winner of the Sophomore tournament, and he was presented with an elegant silver medal as a token of his prowess. Last evening Baily gave us a superb banquet at the Art Club, a fitting finale to our many magnificent spreads.

To-night we are regretting that our dissolution is so near at hand. For four years we have been banded together; we have been pulling with even oars toward a common goal. That goal is reached, and now our paths diverge; our future history is sealed. The story of the past may be concentrated in a few brief words: The Class Motto, "Fatum conjecit amor conjungit," —fate cast us together, love unites us—is in truth an epitome of '90's history.

College Foot-Ball Team
1889-90

PHOTO. H. P. DAILY

Class Poem

By HENRY LEE GILBERT

SOME sing in rolling measures,
With inspired ease,
But I (and Horace?) gather golden treasures
Like laborious bees.

Therefore I wandered by a woodland stream
That sang an answer to the chirping birds,
And on its bank I laid me down to dream
About the secret of its purling words.

Soon gentle sleep poured 'round her soothing balm,
While dancing zephyrs kissed my thought-worn brow,
And all the noise and roar of day grew calm—
The bird-notes hushed—the babbling brooklet, now.

Then from the wood's remotest depths arose,
On every hand, a tinkling sound of mirth,
And as the scattered rain together flows
To give to fordless streams their sparkling birth,

So to a common centre tripped a throng
Of woodland nymphs, bedecked in gleams of light
That pierced the grove as arrows of the sun
When ruddy day off-casts the cloak of night.

Then, too, I saw a Jack for ev'ry Jill,
Two dozen demons tumbling on the ground
Like ruby berries dancing down a hill,
When burly Typhon goes his wintry round.

She that led the virgin throng
Was a dream of perfect maiden;
Ev'ry motion was a song,
Ev'ry glance was music-laden.

Dark her eyes and softly swimming,
And her tresses mocked the waves,
While her lips with laughter brimming,
Tinkling tones of music gave.

Ever changeful colors race
O'er her throbbing neck and breast;
'Tis Diana, from the chase,
Pausing here for mirth and rest.

Then in a circle joined these merry nymphs,
Just where I lay beside the babbling brook;
And in their midst stood all the little imps,
And answered her who called them from a book.

Now, each demon was clothed in a scarlet garb,
Two horns from his head out-grew;
Each sported a tail with a peaked barb
And a queer-cut, cloven, shoe.

These were the souls of college men,
And, mystery most mighty!
On each red back,
Inscribed in black,
I read the number ninety.

How came they there? I cannot say.
It isn't my intention
To undertake
To explicate
My own inspired invention.

They call the roll and each in turn
Steps forth to show his paces—
To sing a tune
Or play buffoon
To please their laughing Graces.

And first came Ned, a black-eyed boy—
His tongue the mighty sceptre
With which he ruled
(And sometimes fooled)
Both pupil and preceptor.

The virgin leader waves her wand—
Two wings shoot out and broaden,
An Angell stands,
And in his hands
He holds the *Haverfordian*.

Forbear, sweet Muse! to criticize
Those dusty, musty pages—
That bright-eyed boy
Was "Mamma's Joy"
In distant, bygone ages.

A sign is made, and in his stead
Stands Stew—our Latin slayer—
The queen commands,
He clasps his hands,
And offers up this prayer:

"Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem,
But sic semper Tyranni; no matter how much implore 'em;
Oh, misera me, and I will ever adorem
Te pulchra regina deûm et virorum."

The nymphs—who speak the best of Latin—
Soon stop him, willy-nilly;
Stew disappears,
Bedewed with tears,
And on the scene steps Billy.

O, young Billy A. has come through his exams.,
In all Haverford he possessed the best 'crams.'
Save, perhaps, a few ponies, assistance he'd none;
He trotted with friends or he trotted alone.
So faithful in study, so dauntless in play,
There never was student like young Billy A.

He stopp'd not for land, and he stopp'd not for sea,
He stopp'd not at all till he got to Paree,
And there, it is said, his mind was enlarged
By the queer things he saw and the prices they charged.
So faithful in travel, so dauntless in play—
Have ye e'er heard ofstud ent like young Billy A.?

He scarcely stood before the throng
Ere burst a clash and clatter,
And such a shout
That some screamed out:
"'Tis sure 'the wreck of matter.'"

But, no! 'twas only Baily here,
Who, in his usual fashion,
Came rushing in
Amidst a din
Like meeting worlds a-crashing.

"Oh! if I had my camera!"
Which wish ere half he utters,
He somersaults,
And then he vaults,
And jokes, and sings, and sputters.

He cracks a dozen jokes at once;
There's nought but what he's in it;
He's here, he's there,
He's everywhere,
And all in half-a-minute.

He clasps his room-mate round the waist,
And, growing daft and dafter,
Around they twirl,
Away they whirl,
Amidst applauding laughter.

O! Muse of Avon, give a name
To this "combine" uncanny
That enters next.
My Muse, perplexed,
Insists there isn't any.

Should men and birds together war,
They'd need such freaks as hostage;
It seemed a man
Until it ran,
And then it seemed an Ostrich.

How doth the little Harry B.
Improve his future whiskers.
He rubs the hair renewers in,
But only raises blisters.
He shaves with might, and shaves with care,
And uses recommended soaps,
But never yet has come a hair
To resurrect his blasted hopes.

But now comes one who has no need
Of chemical reactions.
That black mustache
And dark eyelash
Are Nature's own attractions.
But when he stands amidst those girls,
His velvet epidermis
Becomes so red
His entire head
Seems like a fiery furnace.
"Oh, tell me where did Katy live?
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done."
He clasps his hands against his face
To hide the gathering blushes,
And sidles off,
When, lo! old Coff
Into the centre rushes.

SOLILOQUY OF COFF.

To be or not to be—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better with my wooden gun
To shoot at birds from Barclay Hall
Or to play cricket, baseball or what not—
To sport all day—perchance to "buck"—
Aye! there's the rub—I guess I'll study
Just a little.

In pensive mood he wanders off,
    While Pop, straightway advancing,
A song begins
And finely sings
    His merits *thus* enhancing ;

There's Pop goes the weazel
    And good old Pop the Question,
And Pop-corn Balls that are no aid
    To Popular digestion.

There's Population, too, I ween,
    And Popularity.
There's Poplar tree
And Popin-jay,
    And even Popery.

There's Papa's pretty daughter
    And Populus Romani,
But a better Pop
Than Ninety's Pop
    You'll find there's isn't any.

Then rolled and trembled all the earth
    Beneath the weight that pressed her,
As two big men
Came forward then—
    Two sons of great West Chester.

DIALOGUE OF THE PUDDINGS.

1st Pud.—Ho! weighty friend, reporter of the *Press!*
    What news from our dear fatherland?

2d Pud.—Me noble Pud! that stately town that knew
    For centuries no changes in its ways—
    That town, which like a rock withstood the rushing
    River of Progression—in whose firm lap
    I played a child about me mother's knee
    Nor dreamed of change nor days of variation,
    Now decks herself in gay habiliments
    And struts a peacock 'mid her rural neighbors.

1st Pud.—How so?

2d Pud. (takes him aside, and, looking fearfully around, speak-easys)—We're going to have another inhabitant!

[At this interesting juncture enters the Noble-est West Chesterian of them all.]

Noble-est.—Heh! Gargon! Gargon!
Ein Glass Wasser, quick! I'm faint.

1st Pud. (aside)—That's bad grammar, but I wonder what's the matter with him!

Noble-est—Ah! me gracious Puddings, West Chester is going to the dogs!

1st and 2d Puds.—What's that!

Noble-est.—Yes! She's going to the dogs! She's going to call all the good old country roads—*Streets!*

1st Pud.—Streets!! Ye gods, that I should live to see this day!
Now let me die, just Jove!
Farewell, sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain, farewell!

[Dies. Chestnut Bell. Curtain.]

Now Eastburn follows to the van,
Who keeps the public parlor
In Barclay Hall,
"Come one, come all!"
You'll find the host no quarreler.

Only be sure to register,
And blow it up the chimney.
Don't use the floor
For a cuspidor,
And please don't smoke, by Jiminy!

Behind him came our skinny man;
Our sporting songster, Billy,
Who—should he "buck"—
With ready pluck,
Soon knocks the subject silly.

He straight began with graceful smirk
To chant this little ditty:
Some 90 verses
He rehearses;
The more, the greater pity!

When a man goes out of his house,
When a man goes out of his house,
" " " " "
What is it
When a man goes out of his house?
What is it
" "
When a man goes out of his house?
And so on, ad infinitum.

Soon as he passes out of sight
Our *Fellow* steps before them.
At first he grins,
And then begins
With nursery rhymes to bore them.

"Old Father Hibberd
Went to the Cipboard
Where the mince pies cooled when done,
When he left there
The cupboard was bare,
For he'd eaten them every one."

"Hey, diddle, diddle,
A mathematical riddle,
Do mince pies grow in the land beyond the moon?
If they don't do so,
I hope I won't go
That way so very soon."

"There was a man of Malvern Hills
Who knew too much, it seems,
He blew the ground committees up,
They put him off the teams.

"Now when he saw what they had done,
He went with might and main,
And blew the ground committees up
To put him back again."

Then came a youth from Wilmington,
Out on the western prairie,
Where men grow wild
And every child
Can eat a missionary.

Where roams the ramping buffalo,
And horrid long-named lizzards;
Where Indians prowl
And lions howl
Amidst the whistling blizzards.

But now this youth is civilized,
Old Haverford reclaimed him;
He writes his name,
And spells the same
Just as his parents named him—
C, with an A, with an M, with an E, with an L, with a Camel.

Then next a youth with handsome mien
Narrated Thomas' Story,
And as you'll see,
He constantly
Gave Earnest all the glory.

YE STORIE OF THOMAS.

I was born, most happily,
On the self-same family tree
As Earnest.
Had I been of foreign birth,
Irish king, or Russian serf,
Negro, Greek or Siamese,
Hindoo, Dutch or Japanese,
And had lived beyond the seas—
Ah! Earnest.

When I went to Haverford
Who lived with me in sweet accord?
My Earnest.
Who ran to catch me when I fell
And kissed the spot to make it well?

Who came into my room each night
And tucked the covers in right tight,
And woke me up by noon-day light?
Dear Earnest!

Who knows to tell right funny jokes,
When dismal bores are other folks
But Earnest?
Who should be on all teams he can,
And general committeeman,
And manager of every ring,
And president of every thing?
My Earnest.

But here the nymphs impatient grew,
"Pray, let us see this Earnest,
This paragon
Phenomenon
For whose fond love thou burnest."

Then came a youth, right tall and thin,
Of six feet long, six inches slim,
With spectacles of a golden brim,
And a kind of *400* way with him.

His wits betrayed him pretty soon
In this strange situation,
He had begun
To make a pun,
And he squelched his reputation.

Then came the foremost honor man,
A worker true and steadfast,
Each limb, O,
Akimbo,
His hair like Robin Redbreast.

His name includes the alphabet,
No need of further mention—
You'll see him soon
Present a spoon;
At least, 'tis his intention.

Next comes the Daddy of the class,
An everlasting grinner,
From ear to ear,
And year by year,
His smile grows long and thinner.

We've ducked him and " done " him,
And through the gauntlet run him,
We've shaved him
And bathed him,
And everything but hung him.

His cheek is just as bad as 'twas
When first he came among us,
That ghastly grin
Is the only thing
That's known to move its surface.

And now comes Percy with a spoon,
Not meaning that he's stupid,
But emblematic
Of state ecstatic—
Moonlight—girls—and Cupid.

And emblematic, too, I ween,
Of '90's love and favor ;
Of tournaments
(With condiments)
And general good behavior.

There followed him a pensive Bull
Fresh from a croft of clover,
Who wiped his eye
And heaved a sigh,
Then said this jingle over,

There's Patrick, saint of Irish snakes,
And Dennis, saint of sunny France ;
There's Uncle Sam, who undertakes
To cut a shine in striped pants ;
There's old John Bull of British sand,
But I'm John Bull of *New* England.

There's Billy A., of Chestnut Hill,
And Billy G., of Lebanon;
There's Amory C., of Phoenixville,
And Henry Ryan, of Wilmington;
There's Mother's Joy, of South Glen's Falls,
And Dilworth P., of Malvern, Pa.;
There's Alphabet, of old Broomall's,
And '90's Pop from Towan*da;*
But the only Bull that's in the band
Is J. M. Bull, of *New* England.

Then next upon the *gazon* stepped
A model for all students;
'Twas Robert Tat,
In a broad-brimmed hat,
And a look of sober prudence.

He never swore nor told a lie,
Nor used the filthy weed;
He doesn't know a pretty eye
From a watermelon seed.

He moves in higher atmospheres
Than freeze the peaks of Hermon;
His very collar 'neath his ears
Is a kind of straight-cut sermon.

But 'neath that garb of quiet gray
And visage made for meeting,
There is a man of human clay,
And a heart most kindly beating.

Now earthly customs he repeats,
He went to *silent* meeting;
To be consistent now he meets
Without a word of greeting.

And as he passes on his way,
Behold! dear Alfred flirtin',
No! No! my dear;
That won't do here;
These nymphs are not from Girton.

These girls are older than the hills,
    Each poet their fame disperses;
Your preference
Is innocence
    In pinafores with nurses.

Then asked Diana's mellow tones:
    "Thus end the Red and Yellows?"
"Except," cried they,
"Upon our way,
    We left three splendid fellows,

First, Jim, our most industrious man,
    Then Tom, our Southern beauty;
Last, George, the Judge,
Ne'er known to budge
    From the narrow path of duty.

Then Phœbe speaks: "Actæon grew
    Too rude, but ye yet ruder;
'Tis our intent
Just punishment
    Shall fall on each intruder.

The fact that these, our hunting-grounds,
    Are sacred 'gainst man's knowledge,
You might have picked
From Smith's Classic Dict.
    Before you left your college."

A sign is made, when,—lo! I woke:
    I had been merely dreaming,
And all these imps
And woodland nymphs
    Were nothing but the seeming.

'Twas night—the brook still ran along.
    But gone those merry sporters;
The twinkling stars
Shot fitful bars
    Down in the dancing waters.

No sound of mirth—no bird-note calls;
Nought but the soft wind playing
Among the trees,
Which, to the breeze,
Methought kept ever saying:

What is man with all his learning?
Restless work and musty lore?
Passing, passing, ne'er returning
From and to an unknown shore.

Mystery and dreams deceive him
While he draws his little breath.
Mystery bore, and will receive him
In the silent cave of death.

Then the laughing winds, replying,
Whispered to the solemn trees,
And the burthen bore, till dying,
They had breathed it to the seas:

Woman born, woman bred,
Woman tempted, woman led,
Woman's smiles when he's wed,
Woman's tears when he's dead.
This is man with all his learning,
Restless work and musty lore,
Mad despair and eager yearning,
This is man and nothing more.

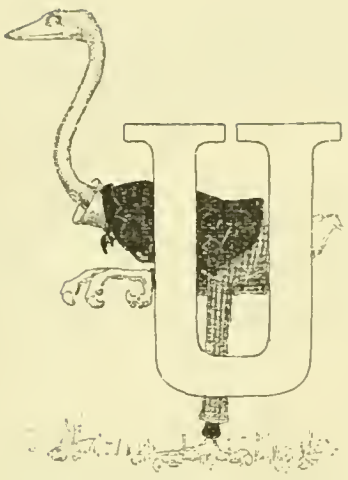
Class of '90
Freshman Year

Cane Rushers—Sophomore

PHOTOS. H. P. BAILY

Class Prophecy

By HENRY RYAN BRINGHURST, Jr.



UNFORTUNATELY a prophet is born—not made. A prophet is endowed with the power of casting himself into most profound sleep, or of dreaming wonderful dreams about places afar off, of dizzy depths, of dazzling heights, of impenetrable darkness, or of light infinitely brighter than any sun that mortal could imagine; of regions where consistency is a vice—the abode of spirits, ghosts, voices, seers, fates, sorceresses, destinies; Charons who have a delightful way of knowing and telling about what, and only what, the dreamer desires to know. As surely as spring comes around the true prophet also manages to find those Sibylline books which have lain away for centuries in some unmentionable place, and by some extraordinary means he is enabled to secure them after many weary efforts.

Very unfortunately, the prophet who stands before you was made; and, although many wretched nights have been spent in trying to dream conveniently, every vision has been a boomerang reacting upon nerves already well shattered. Therefore, as a last resort, this prophet has found it necessary to project himself, by pure force of will, to the end of life's road. An unearthly way to do anything, one must admit; but the Fates were inexorable, and left but little choice in the matter. It was "do or die" with them, even in face of a most reasonable objection made at the time, that it was more like "die" first and "do" afterwards.

A flying trip from Old Age to Youth, a hasty glance at a landscape, so to speak, promising from the outline a deeply interesting detail as a reward for studious contemplation, a dim recollection—too dim by far, alas!—of some truly great sights; these all make up this unnamed and unnamable account. But no matter, look, now the hand of Destiny points:

"To all whom it may concern:

"Be it known that the Honorable Class of Ninety, Haverford College, is destined to effect the following reforms:

" First, foremost, and above all, it is bound to thoroughly eradicate that base inequality in the workings of Nature which is known as Poverty. Every man of you is to be rich. Why the flow of wealth should be so often at low ebb in the entrance pocket of a man's trousers and at full flood in the exit pocket is a question that has taxed the human mind for centuries. Friends, look at 'em, and you will see far back of those smiles which wreath their wealth of intellect that great mental machine, just about to set to work in solving this problem. The world is about to be richer—pardon the immodesty—Swarthmore included this time. But Swarthmore is already richer, for that matter, in experience.

" After settling this porblem, those master minds will next tackle the relations between the ' Real and Ideal,' and will give universally satisfactory definitions for ' Ambition,' ' True Greatness,' ' Freedom,' ' The Star of Empire,' all of which have worried the Commencement orator and the commencement audience for years back, and the settlement will give room for fresher subjects and fresher treatment."

You will all thank us for this reform we feel sure.

Seeing the virtue of economy—which is deemed by some people known to history as the secret of wealth—the efforts of the Class have been destined to direct themselves toward encouraging and developing this to the *ultimatum*. Arthur Jones will, therefore, find always a friend in '90, no matter how small he will persist in making his " notes," and slips of the necessary size will be mailed him at any time by his applying to the Class secretary.

Provided, That a sufficient number be ordered at a time to give a surface large enough for sticking on the postage-stamp.

In order to insure especial care in this department, " Guss, '90," will be delegated to attend to it.

If you all will allow a personal observation, a former traveler who has taken this remarkable journey backwards from futurity, expresses supreme surprise at the proximity of what at present may seem but little less than a marvel with what in after-time turns out to be so closely joined to the actualities of the future. Express no agitation then when it is told you that unless the eyesight has become dimmed along the road, the Class is destined to see the Inter Collegiate Cricket Cup become tarnished and made the abode of the spider within the walls of Haverford.

Is that all the Class is going to do, as a Class (for you know our existence is to be for many years into the future)? Ah, no! Hardly; but memory, treacherous as it always is, proves only the deep satisfaction in its own liberty and—leaves me.

But to be truly prophetic, one must satisfy you that there is some future for such as you see before you. This suggestion recalls much.

Ah! well does the prophet remember in passing the 40th year of Tiddy's life. He was at that time Dilworth P. Hibberd, Democratic nominee for Congress from Chester County. All his wires had been set and properly adjusted, for he had put $225 into the election. The election came off and he was replaced by another man. Needless to say, his subsequent actions "mock depiction." He went immediately to the committee, and during his short interview with them the very air was compressed, so forcible were his gestures—so strong were his convictions. The prophet managed to obtain an entrance just as he was concluding: "Gentlemen," he said, "I am done with you—now for good. I have run for Congress whenever you wanted me to, and now look! I am not elected. This is the last time you will ever get me to pay $225, and then have nothing to show for it." Yes, he was defeated, and soon afterward left committees and politics to make a name for himself as a teacher.

Notice that youth with the glasses. His name is Bobby Fox. Thirty-seven years hence it was R. E. Fox, and a finer old gentleman than he was one would hardly wish to meet, but there was one trait in his character that shone forth like a diamond in a ring surrounded by pearls. It was his irresistible tendency to play a great big joke on some one, no matter whom; then to call around his friends and to enjoy it with them. He had built an immense stone house a little while since and had placed in the lintel a keystone, upon which was carved what at first appeared to be the head of Zeus, but a closer investigation revealed the fact that Bob would never allow himself to be so sober as to allow that, for it turned out to be a girl's head with hair done up in large curl papers, and over it was the inscription, "Why I never married."

The house was rather oddly constructed and decorated with all sorts of curious forms. As the prophet was standing there talking, he noticed in front of him a wooden post, as straight and unadorned as a flag-pole, while corresponding ones on all sides were made of stone. As his eyes glanced upwards there were distinctly visible the features of a face—the deep, thoughtful countenance was somewhat hidden by large spectacles, and the whole set upon a pair of sloping shoulders. The position was very stiff, and gave meaning to the inscription above it—"The Wooden Man of '90." "Bob, this is a person whom I ought to know. Who is it?" "That's

Bobby Tatnall," and thereupon he gave me a nudge and a wink which clearly showed his ways were as original as ways could be. Curiosity was now at high pitch to learn the interpretation of so many queer figures about me, but the head of what seemed to be a very ugly bird, with mouth wide open and neck far out*stritched*, then and there drove away any further interest, and good-nights were soon said.

The audience will see other future celebrities, if they will look closely. *There* are two men upon whom Fate had fixed her garland of success when she dubbed them Steere and Cottrell. Still the same dear friends that they were when they came to college, they have afterwards clung to each other throughout their busy lives. Soon after starting out they formed a partnership as a book publishing firm, and, true to their own native soil, restricted their publications to historical and political works, dealing with certain "facts" concerning Rhode Island. Catalogues of books published upon this great subject were distributed far and wide over the globe. Such titles as these were red-lettered: "Why Rhode Island can boast of a larger population than some other States we know of." "Some people say that Rhode Island is small and of but little importance. We ask why?" "Tales and legends concerning the supreme importance of Providence Plantations in our estimation," "Burrillville Philosophy." Needless to say, the concern soon reached immense proportions, and their books were sold all over the face of the earth.

Buildings went up by very rapid progressions—now townships, now counties were covered by immense brick structures. With each new building erected the business increased proportionately. All greatness must have its fall, however. The establishment soon grew so large that it finally sank the whole island beneath the mighty ocean. At the same time that Uncle Sam let fall a great tear, as he scratched out one of the stars from the flag, old Neptune roared over the remains within his grasp and sighed: "One more Yankee dinner to digest."

Now there's Ernest, and not less exciting has much of his future been. Will you have the secret of his success as he himself explains it? It is so expressive and true—to nature. Away back in 1935 the prophet had occasion to pay him a visit at his estates in Waltonia, on the outskirts of New York. In the midst of the conversation, I asked him: "Ernest, how can you account for your immense financial success?" "Ah," he said, "mine has been a truly checkered career, but I can give you the secret of it in a little motto which I picked up somewhere when very young, and which I never forgot:

"Through thick and thin 'tis best
The truth to hold and keep;
But, at the same time, recollect
That you—as judge—may put the test
On what is 'thick' and what is 'thin.'
And when in doubt—about to sin—
Declare the act 'the golden mean,'
Then tell the tale, keeping the facts unseen."

Gracious listeners! it might be well to give you the future of Dad, the irrepressible; of 'Arry, the non-compressible; of Billy, with double convex walking propensities; of Guy, our famous songster, but their stars are soon to shine, and you will not have to wait long to see more than ever words could tell.

Many others might be mentioned, but their immediate future is so intimately connected with the present, that much of it may be deduced by noticing the fine points of discernment displayed before you by Billy, the Ring Master.

Fellows! before we meet again there will be some of you, at least, who will appreciate and enjoy what you now feel perfectly satisfied without. With this last thought, the prophet lays aside his labors with the sincere wish that by our next meeting

"There will then be resurrection
In the growth of the mustache;
There'll be joy in eating potpourri,
Now commonly termed hash.
Then will be the time of blazers,
For their color will be drab,
And their collars sort of uppish,
And their tails just right to nab.
There will then be onions roasted
With most tender cuts of veal,
There we'll never feel the force of
'Little 'taters hard to peel;'
For each doleful recollection
Of the banjo's 'twing' and 'twang,'
For the feet that live just over you,
And the voice of the boy who sang,
There will then be substituted
The piano's welcome sound,
Played by hands whose skillful motion

Touched the chords of true devotion,
Struck down deep within the heart,
Left there sounds of love's sweet art.
Then there will be substituted
Pattering feet and little shoes,
And a voice whose prattling accents
Spoils the pleasure of a snooze.
Then old days will be forgotten
Does the prophet prophesy ?
Or is it optical illusion
Cast into the future sky,
When he sees your stumps go 'wobble,'
And your cheek grow thin and cold,
Will your heart grow not the warmer
Because of wooden stumps you've bowled ?
Finally when night advances,
When the Umpire calls the game,
May your scores be in the nineties,
And your records free from blame.
Ne'er the less, whate'er befall you,
Whether east or west you roam,
Whether chance puts wings upon you,
Whether 'business keeps you home,'
Keep your *alma ma* in mem'ry,
Let it be your household word,
Dedicate your dust a sample
Of that made at Haverford."

'90 As it Was

Ostrich

Bow-legs Pythias

Bull Pop

Camel Pud D.

Dad Pud H.

Goose Rufus

Hump Shorty

Jim the Hoodoo Skinney

Kitty Stew

Our Kid

Our Baby Stumpy

Mike Tit

Noble Tat

Old Virginy George Washington

9
0

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!

9-T'S 9-T'S 9-T'S

COMBINED

HIBBERD-ROME, MENAGERE, DIME MUSEUM and WILD WEST

SHOWS

LAUGHING { Clowns / Clowns / Clowns } **LIVE** { Animals / Animals / Animals } **REAL** { Angels / Angels / Angels }

COWBOY MUSIC. CHINESE ORCHESTRA.

2 2 2 2 2 2

RINGS

B-RING-HURST AND "COTTIE'S RING"

Special Performance, June 21, '90

IN THE MUSEUM.

The **Jersey Lilly** will wrestle with the Maiden Speech of the evening, in the course of which she will "KNOCK DOWN" the various attractions to the audience.

After the first "FALL" the COWBOY BAND

Will illustrate how Music may calm the SAVAGE breast but nothing else!

ATTRACTIONS.

IN THE MUSEUM

SKINNY GUILFORD,

The Living Skeleton.

2 FAT MEN FAT MEN 2

"PUDS"

From West Chester, the "Athens of America"

The Grand Composite Portrait of Isaac Walton and George Washington

The Sawed off man or the Living Stump (Baily)

BABY (Clam) STEW

The Infant Phenomenon.

Skips rope on the stage.

N. B.

Colonel Mike (now **ANGEL** in the Museum) has kindly consented to read his thrilling account of "The **Custards** last **rally** or how Tiddie surrounded the Pudding" besides many other anecdotes of **intense interest.**

Followed by the Cowboy Band in Selections from the DEAD MARCH

ON THE STAGE——————

MOSQUITO HUMP the Acrobat and Rope Walker

will attempt the startling feat of scanning his own feet (not hexameter—nearer No. 9,) while following along the loose and shaky lines of his own make.

THE CHINESE VOCAL ORCHESTRA

Will render Mendelssohn's "Sympathy" for those who listen.

IN THE MENAGERE——————

"OSTRICH" The trained "OISEAU" "PROPHESIES"

By telling what he saw when he stuck his head in the sand—i. e. Nothing.

CHINESE VOCAL ORCHESTRA No. 2.

The audience will please (IF POSSIBLE) remain seated until the music comes to a full stop

N. B.—The injured will be attended by Drs. Grattan and Noble—fee $1 per head.

IN THE RING——————

The Trained Animals, Clowns, etc., will be put through their tricks under the management of

DOC. BILLY, Ring Master

———The Educated Pig and others are expected to attempt speech making———

SPECIAL.

Those wishing to see the Animals fed will please remain while **A. B. C. D. RUFUS** the untamed "Indian Jack" of the Wild West Show attempts to feed the **"Lion"** of the Circus with the **Soup Spoon.**

Attractions in the Menagere.

Camels, Ostrichs, Fox, (the Goose Killer)
Tame Cats, Wild Bulls, etc., etc., etc.

NOTICE.

DR. TOMMY K., Veterinary Surgeon
Attends the Animals.

Large Experience
Remarkable Cures
Consultation FREE

Office Hours { 6 to 12 A. M.
12 to 6 P. M.

THE GREAT TRIO.

POP MIKE 'STRICH
POP and MIKE and 'STRICH
POP MIKE 'STRICH

Will appear for the **last time** before the Public.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST!

AMORY'S HEAD

Finder please return at once to the COFFIN.

THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY

Takes pleasure in announcing that

SPORT TATNALL

The Gambler and Pickpocket

Is now under

ARREST.

Photographs

Of the ANIMALS, etc., may be obtained from

THE MANAGER.

THE RUINED

NOBLE

Calls attention to his fine assortment of

PERFUMES AND OILS

Now on Sale.

LOST!

Alfred's Nurse

ANSWER TO

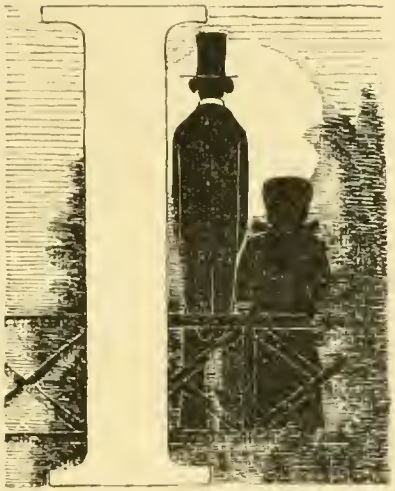
Society for Prevention of Cruelty to

CHILDREN.

9-T'S CIRCUS

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

CLASS OF '90



By C. T. C.

stood on the bridge at midnight,
With his good wife was he,
He heard the merry minstrels
Pursue their revelry.

2. Loud from their storied windows
Echoed the merry strife,
The crowd dreamed not of danger,
And careless was their life.

3. And many a flowing bottle
Was pledged to maiden fair,
And strains of song and laughter
Went floating on the air.

4. Then up spake Isaac, sternly,
"These revels must not be;
I'll go and stop their shouting,
This noise must cease," said he.

5. Then like a mountain torrent,
He burst into the room,
And filled the hearts about him
With midnight's blackest gloom.

6. "Why this is quite disgraceful,
What means it, boys?" said he,
"I shall expect to-morrow morn
A full report from *thee*."

7. But when the morn was come,
So mollified was he,
That he forgave us all—
Three cheers for the faculty!

Pop *vs.* ———

By H——

THE Prof. who doth the kids prefer
To Senior's old and grave,
In greatest wrath he raised his head
And out his edict gave :

"Now Audenried and Angell, too,
And Davies, worst of all,
No conduct such as that, I say,
Admitted in this Hall !"

Then up stood Pop, in anger great,
To chide the vicious slur,
And cried aloud in voice most deep—
"To what do you refer ?"

Professor then did answer make,
"You know as well as I,"
And Pop, rage choked and mad
Could scarce, "T d-d- don't," reply.

THERE was a gay young Ostrich,
No down was on his head,
On Hydrochloric acid
This two-legged Ostrich fed.

A Ballad of Six-Atey-Sicks

HARK! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING

AN ARIA OF THE AREA

HE hurried wildly to the door—
His mouth o'er full of lemonade ;
A gasp—a stagger—and what more ?
Alas ! he leans 'gainst balustrade,
Unswallowing that lemonade.

At break of day the kitchen belle
On "airy way" doth make her raid ;
Then to her mistress flies, to tell
The story of the havoc made,
By broadcast scatter'd lemonade.

Thus as the painful story goes,
Even the Angell has his throes,
And
Who into merriment would burst,
Must get his swallows *way down*
first.

Finis